



Words of the Day by Orange Pens and Messy Hands

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Pairings: Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

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Summary: A compilation of one-shots of El learning new words as she adapts to a regular life with her and all of her friends.

1. Beautiful and More

I've recently started watching Stranger Things. Idk why I didn't do it before, but it's really good. I've decided to start this series of one-shots of El learning new words and stuff like that. Anyway, hopefully you enjoy! Also, btw, Mike calls Eleven beautiful in S02E09, at the Snowball. So let's say that this is set in between the closing of the gate and the Snowball.

Words w/out AN: 1016

Pairing(s): Mileven

I own nothing.

Beautiful and More

El got dropped off at Mike's place five minutes ago.

Hopper told her to behave and to not draw too much attention and all of the usual warnings he gives her whenever she goes out, but eventually he stopped and pulled her into a hug. He said goodbye and said he was going to pick her up later on, that night. She climbed his front steps and opened the door into Mike's house.

The house seemed empty at first, the kitchen, which Mrs. Wheeler was usually in was empty. El couldn't hear any signs of other people, but she knew someone *had* to be here since their cars were still outside. Even Mike's dad's La-Z-Boy was empty, and *that* surprised El, since Mr. Wheeler was almost *always* sitting on it, either doing work or taking a nap. El drew her eyes away from the empty recliner to a noise coming from the stairs. She stiffened her body, prepared to attack if it was someone bad. El glanced at Nancy's form, descending the stairs quickly. El instantly relaxed, since it was someone she knew.

Nancy was wearing a dress that her and El had picked out earlier that week. It was a light pink with a lot of ruffles down the sides. El liked the ruffles. Her hair was really fancy, too. Cascading down her back

in light curls.

"Aww, El! You look so nice." She said. "Mike's just upstairs changing clothes. He'll be down eventually."

El nodded, she looked up at Nancy and sincerely smiled. "You look nice, too."

Nancy grinned at her and pulled her into a hug. "Thank you so much! It means a lot. I have to go right now though. Jonathan and I are hanging out before the dinner in a couple hours. I'll see you there?"

El nodded, and Nancy briskly walked out the front door, not before sending El a wave and a smile. El waited on the couch in their living room, but eventually got bored of waiting for Mike. She slowly crept up the stairs towards his room. Once she was outside of his door, she pushed it open without thought. In hindsight, she probably could've just opened the door on a *naked* Mike. It was too late now. The door crashed onto the wall and Mike whirled around in surprise. He was in the middle of tying his tie, *not* naked when his jaw dropped and he muttered a few words.

El heard the word and was confused. Mainly because she's never heard it before. It was a really long word, at least it seemed like it since there were a lot of noises you needed to make to say it. Bee-you-tea-full, is what it sounded like. Mike just called her that. He was staring at her, an awestruck look on his face. Usually he called her pretty, or cute. This new word felt like those, since Mike had the same, slightly embarrassed, expression on his face whenever he called her that. It still made her insides bounce around like pretty, or cute. So El figured it must be a compliment.

She tried to figure out what the word was on her own. She probably could've, but she liked to hear Mike speak to her. He was always patient and he never got mad at her. Plus she liked to hear his voice, but that was just a bonus. She tilted her head to the side and a confused expression filled her face. Mike saw her and instantly recognized it.

"Beautiful. It's a compliment." El smiled, since she figured that part out, all on her own. "It's like pretty, but more." Mike tried to explain,

his hands gesturing in the air as he tried to elaborate further on how to describe it.

"Like pretty, but more?" El asked again, confusion filling her face again. "How can it be more?"

Mike thought for a moment, trying to convey how he felt about her using just words. "Well you know how you can like things?" El nodded, "And you can *love* things? Like, you like pancakes for breakfast, but you *love* Eggos even more. You still like both things, but love shows you like that thing *extra*. That's like beautiful. I still think you're pretty, but beautiful shows I think you look *extra* pretty."

El nodded, accepting Mike's explanation. She did *love* Eggos, so if Mike called her beautiful, he must think she's *better* than pretty. Her cheeks flushed at the thought. She looked down at what she was wearing, which must have caused Mike to call her beautiful. It was a dress she got from Nancy, when they went shopping together.

"Yeah, anyways, I really like that dress." Mike stuttered out, getting over his initial reaction of El in the dress.

She took a look at Mike's clothes. He was wearing a button-up, dress shirt. Mike and her were having a formal dinner with some of Mike's family members later on that night, so she wanted to look extra good for it. Mike's mom had forced him to dress up too, but she didn't force El. It was okay though, since El liked the dress she was wearing and she always liked spending time with Mike, even at a family dinner.

He had a pair of dark jeans to go with the dress shirt and that's when El realized something. Mike looked *really* good. Sure, she thought he *always* looked good, but today was something different. The words slipped out before she really thought about it. She must've been excited since she got to learn a new word today.

"Mike, you look beautiful, too."

Mike's cheeks immediately turned red. He seemed embarrassed and El wondered if she did anything wrong.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Uhh, yeah I'm fine. It's just you don't really call guys *beautiful*. You call them *handsome*. It means the same thing."

El nodded in understanding and corrected herself. "Ah, well you look very handsome."

Mike smiled at her and she smiled back, proud that she got to learn *two* new words that day.

2. Boyfriend

Another update! Crazy right? Hopefully you all enjoy, I quickly wrote this so please tell me what you think! Thanks!

Words w/out AN: 1275

Pairing(s): Mileven

I own nothing.

Boyfriend

The word *boyfriend* was a funny concept to El.

She had *friends* that were *boys*. In fact, most of her friends *were* boys. And even her one friend that *was* a girl, acted like more of a boy than some of the other guys she knew. Not that, that was a bad thing. Max explained that it was more fun to ride a skateboard than to worry about her hair or make-up, "like all of those barbie doll glamour girls." So yeah, the idea of a *boyfriend* seemed pretty unnecessary to her.

But for some reason it made *Mike* uncomfortable.

Mike was one of her friends that was a boy. Although to El, Mike was *more* than a friend. He was the person she cared for the most. He was her *special* friend. But Mike said he *wasn't* El's boyfriend. Which confused El, a lot.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

El was walking downstairs to meetup with the rest of the party when she first heard the term.

Mike and Lucas were arguing about something, they were speaking in tones barely above a whisper so El couldn't really hear them. Will was drawing on the table, and Dustin was sitting on the couch,

watching the T.V and eating some popcorn. No one had noticed her enter the basement yet, since they were all entranced in their own little worlds.

El moved a bit closer since she wanted to hear what Lucas and Mike were talking about, but she didn't want to disturb them yet, since she had a feeling they'd stop talking about it if they knew she was there.

"Are you ever gonna ask her?" Lucas huffed.

"Yeah!" Dustin called out from the couch, his eyes still glued to the screen in front of him. "You're basically her boyfriend, all you need to do is make it official."

Mike loudly sighed. "I'm not El's boyfriend! Besides, what if she doesn't know what it means. I don't want to pressure her into saying yes."

They were talking about her? What's a boyfriend? What did Mike have to ask her? Questions were swirling around her head.

Will piped in from the table he was drawing at. "I'll bet *all* my comics she says yes, They're crazy about each other."

"That's only if Mike ever asks her." Lucas turned his head back to Mike. "So?"

"So, what?" Mike asked clearly annoyed and embarrassed, since his face was getting all red like it does when he gets sheepish. "There's nothing else happening here."

Lucas looked like he was going to say something else, but El decided this was the best time to announce her presence. She cleared her throat and four sets of eyes immediately swivelled onto her. Lucas and Dustin immediately started laughing, Will looked at Mike and gave him a sympathetic look, while Mike's light pink blush evolved into a deep maroon as he avoided eye contact and looked down at his hands.

Will spoke up, ""Hey El, nice to see you."

She smiled at him in response and he continued drawing.

Mike stood up, his face was noticeably less *red* and managed to sputter out a few words. "H-hey El, I didn't know Hopper dropped you off already." He stepped forward a few steps and engulfed her in a warm hug.

Lucas cooed them while Dustin stage whispered, "Ask her now!"

Mike looked at him and whisper-yelled back, "I'm not going to ask her in front of you guys!"

Taking the hint, Will got up and started collecting his drawings. "It was nice to see you again El, but I have to go. My mom's picking me up soon."

Lucas and Dustin weren't so subtle though. They slowly walked towards the stairs, Lucas whispered, "Good luck," to Mike as they walked out.

Mike turned back to El, slightly relieved they were alone, but also *extremely* nervous since his friends expected him to make his and El's *relationship* official.

"Sorry about them, they're...idiots." Mike couldn't think of the right word to describe them, but that one seemed to fit just fine.

El nodded but her head was still spinning with questions. She looked up to Mike and asked him a silent question with her eyes, hoping for him to explain like he usually does when she needs help.

Mike hadn't answered her though so El figured she might as well just ask him. "Why aren't you my boyfriend?" The question seemed to shock Mike but she continued on, "You are my friend, and you're a boy."

"That's true." Mike said, trying to figure out the best way to explain it to her. "A boyfriend is someone that you really like. It's what you call someone you're in a relationship with. You kinda do the same things best friends do, except boyfriends and girlfriends do *more*."

"What kind of more?" El asked.

"They hug and kiss, they hold hands and stuff like that."

"We've kissed." El bluntly points out, still slightly confused because Mike and her do everything a boyfriend and girlfriend do.

Mike blushes again for some reason, "Yeah we have, but boyfriends and girlfriends can kiss *whenever* they want."

El thought it over. She definitely *wouldn't* mind it if her and Mike kissed more often, they've only kissed on *special* days. The Snowball, Christmas, a few others too.

"So they're like you're mom and dad then?" She asked.

"Yeah, except that's a whole other conversation, but yes. Kinda like my mom and dad. A boyfriend is the person you like the *most*. You can only have *one* boyfriend, unlike best friends where you can have a few. Except they can't be your boyfriend until you ask them too, or until they ask you to be your girlfriend. But other than that, it's like they're your best friends."

El nodded, accepting his explanation. It seemed like Mike was her *boyfriend* already, except for the fact that neither one of them had asked each other. Dustin and Lucas were telling Mike to ask her something, was *this* what they wanted him to ask her?

She could definitely see Mike as her boyfriend. He was kind and sweet and generous. He was *already* her favourite, but putting a title on their relationship seemed like the next thing to do, especially since they already did those things.

But a deeper part of El's mind worried about if it was something else. What if he didn't *like* her? Was something *wrong* with her? Is *that* why he didn't ask her? El must've been thinking too hard or something, because instantly Mike was at her side. Wrapping her in his gentle but comforting embrace.

"It's okay." He whispered. "You're *amazing*. You're absolutely my favourite." The words made El smile. "I just didn't ask because, because I was too afraid you'd say no or something."

She smiled even more at him. They locked eyes and slowly, their heads drifted closer to each other. Mike tilted his head down, and El

turned hers up. This kiss was slow and sweet, unlike the quick pecks they'd given each other before. This kiss felt ten times as better and El couldn't help but laugh.

Mike smiled down at her and rested his forehead against hers. He whispered to her, "Will you be my girlfriend?"

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The idea of a boyfriend seemed confusing to El. It was a new word that she couldn't understand. But in the end all she *really* needed was the person she cared about most to help explain it to her.

3. Jealousy is a Weird Colour

So I read user Cali-Chan's newest fic, *Insecure*. It heavily inspired this so I want you to check it out. It's probably way better than mine anyways lol. Anyway, how have you all been? Hopefully good. I'm good. I just wanted to write something, so here we are. Sorry PJATO people that wanted an update to *Movies are Definitely Better than Studying* :(I honestly hope you all enjoy this, because I'm *strapped* for ideas. It might be awhile before I write something lol. Or maybe inspiration will take the form of a bucket of water and metaphorically *drench* me in it. Nonetheless I hope you enjoy:) Also this is unedited so all mistakes are mine. If you see one, let me know?

Words w/out AN: 2332

Pairing(s): Mileven

I own nothing.

Jealousy is a Weird Colour

Usually El *loved* learning new words.

It was one of her favourite things to do.

But she didn't like *this* word. It felt like a mixture of all the bad things in life. It made her angry, frustrated and so much more. But worst of all, this word made her feel sad.

And she didn't like the sad feeling.

El wasn't even sure what this word *was*. At first it seemed like something she was wearing, like her overalls, or her socks. Then it seemed like a colour. Now it just seems like a feeling, like love or happiness.

She really did hate the word *jealous*. Even if it was *slightly* true.

The Party was hanging out in Mike's basement, debating what they were going to do that Saturday, as they usually did.

Dustin and Lucas were arguing back and forth. Dustin wanted to go the movies while Lucas kept saying there was nothing new playing there.

"Come *on*." Dustin whined, "Let's just go to the movies and rewatch something. I'm so *bored* sitting here doing nothing."

"And I *told* you, I don't wanna watch a movie we've already seen." Lucas refuted.

They both sighed in defeat, and looked over to Mike, their de facto leader, in hopes he would figure out what they're going to do.

Mike was pressed up against El on the couch, although there was *plenty* of room. But El didn't mind. He was engrossed in a conversation with Will about their upcoming campaign.

"It's gonna be the biggest, the best, the most exciting campaign you will *ever* play. It's 14 hours long. 14 hours!" Mike exclaimed. He was bouncing up and down in excitement and Will nodded enthusiastically. His eyes were wide at just the idea of playing Dungeons and Dragons for that long.

Will looked over at the sudden silence from Dustin and Lucas, and saw them both silently staring at Mike.

Mike looked in their direction and sighed, instantly knowing what they wanted. "Let's just watch a movie. It won't be the *worst* thing to see *Back to the Future* again. Is that okay with you El?"

Dustin pumped his fists in celebration while Lucas sighed.

El had been comfortably sitting on the couch, just listening. She usually does that. She takes her time with things and just observes, instead of actively being in the conversation. If she needed anything, she would just quietly ask Mike. Now that the conversation has

shifted to her, she looked around the room. She took a few moments to answer, looking at each of the boys in the room. Max would be here, too. Except she's with her family out of town. Will was gathering all of his stuff from the table, getting ready to leave, as if the matter of what to do was already decided. Dustin was smiling as he got up, probably excited to see a movie. Lucas still had a sad look on his face. El didn't like seeing her friend sad, but she didn't want to disappoint Dustin, too, since he *wanted* to see the movie. She shifted her gaze to Mike, keeping the thought of Lucas in the back of her head. Mike was still looking at her, his eyes held a questioning tone.

She curtly nodded, indicating she wanted to see the movie and got up. Mike smiled at her and got up with her. They headed to the door of the basement, ready to leave.

Mike called out to his mother, "We're going to see a movie. We'll be back soon."

"Okay sweetie, behave yourselves." She called back.

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The movie theater wasn't very crowded. Which was good, since Hopper wouldn't want her to get spotted. She had the hood up on the sweater she was wearing to help cover her face. She had borrowed it from Mike and it had a distinct Mike *smell*. It smelled just like him and she smiled at the thought.

The guys went and paid for their tickets, Mike said he would pay for hers. He was always so *nice* and sweet like that. It delighted her to no end that Mike was now her *Boyfriend*. It just filled her with smiles and made her feel good inside. El wandered off, still thinking about Mike. She found herself in front of the popcorn stand. There was a variety of *everything*. From popcorn, to drinks, to pizza. There was even a display filled with the *most* candy she had ever seen. From different colours like a light blue, to a vibrant green. There were even packs of candy with *all* the colours.

They were called M&Ms and they looked *delicious*. They were small,

multi-coloured pieces of chocolate. El wondered if they would taste different, since they looked different. She picked up a pack and brought it to the register. She had some money that Hopper had given her. He said it was "Only for emergencies."

This was *definitely* an emergency.

She *had* to try this awesome-looking new candy. Just as she was about to try one, she saw the boys walking over to her, tickets in hand. Mike was smiling at her, his one arm coming up to give her, her ticket. Will was trailing behind them, putting his change back into his pocket. Dustin was bouncing up and down, wildly eyeing the entrance to the movie room. Everybody was excited except for Lucas. He still seemed gloomy. Which reminded El, that she wanted to do something to help him out. She looked at Lucas, then back at the candy in hand. Then back at Lucas, she finally made up her mind and decided to give Lucas the exciting candy she got. Maybe he'll like it more than she will.

"Hey El," Mike said, he gestured to the candy in her hands, "You got some M&Ms?"

El absently nodded. She was still looking at Lucas. She tore her eyes away from him to smile at Mike. She grabbed the ticket he had gotten for her. "Thank you." She whispered, just so he could hear,

His smile grew even wider and she fell in place with the rest of the boys, all walking to the movie room. She wandered closer to Lucas, until she was right beside him.

She gently pushed his arm to get his attention. He looked at her, slightly confused. "I'm sorry we have to see this movie, I know you don't want to."

He gave her a small smile, "It's alright El, I'm not sad or anything. It's just like, I've already seen it like, three times. It gets pretty boring after a while."

El nodded, choosing not to say anything. She held up the pack of M&Ms for Lucas. He tilted his head to the side, not understanding. She said, "These are for you, I thought they would make you feel

better."

He fully smiled at her and took the package, "Thank you, El. It means a lot."

They walked into the darkened room, she grabbed Mike's hand. Although it wasn't because she was scared. It was because she was happy. Lucas was happily munching on M&Ms, Dustin and Will were searching for seats. Everything was great.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

The movie was great, too. Mike explained all of the bits she didn't understand, but other than that it was cool for her to see. She even noticed Lucas getting really into the movie at all of the action-filled parts.

"I know I've seen this before, but that was *awesome!*" Lucas exclaimed.

"See, I *told* you we should've just rewatched a movie." Dustin said in a smug tone.

El figured they were going to start arguing again, but Lucas just raised his hands in defeat. "You win."

The happy feeling still buzzed inside El.

Which was good, since it wouldn't be there for long.

Her and all of the boys poured out of the movie theater doors. All of them squinting from the harsh sun. El looked around her, everything seemed brighter. Which was probably because of the dark room they had just spent a while in.

Mike put his hand over his eyes, he started looking around and he smiled when he locked onto her. He was just about to say something when *someone else* came up from behind and tapped his shoulder.

"Hey El, What did you think of-" Mike had started to say. He turned around to the unfamiliar tap on his shoulder.

It was some *girl* that El didn't recognize. She was smiling brightly at Mike. How could someone even *want* to smile like that? It was *way* too bright outside, the movie theater lobby was crammed full of people leaving their movie and entering a new one. This *girl* was wearing a long, flowy dress that was a bright yellow. If anything it was *too* yellow. El had to admit, she *was* pretty. Much prettier than *El* was. This girl even had nice, *long* hair, that went down her back. El's hair was barely shoulder length.

"Hey," The *girl* said. "I'm Callie. I just moved here and I saw you in my first period class. You're Mike, right?"

El suddenly didn't feel good. There was a sour taste in her mouth and she couldn't help herself from making a face. El was still staring intently at *Callie*. For some reason, she had the strongest urge to mentally *toss* her into the closest river.

Mike scratched the back of his neck and looked around at the rest of the party. He locked eyes with El and gave her a confused look.

El realized she was accidentally transmitting the way she *felt* to Mike. She immediately tried to clear her thoughts and her face.

"You okay?" Mike asked her.

"I'm *fine*." El replied, although she wasn't really fine. Not with *her* around.

Mike turned back to *Callie* to continue their conversation. El stopped paying attention, because honestly? She couldn't care *less* about what they did.

El's mind was still brewing with thoughts of Mike and *Callie*, though. A ball of fire was rising in her chest and before El realized it, her mouth had gone sour and she was making a face again, *still* staring at Mike and Callie.

"You know," Dustin stage whispered to her, "Jealousy doesn't look that good on you."

El turned to him, momentarily confused. Her previous *feelings* suddenly forgotten. She looked down at what she was wearing. A t-

shirt and jeans. It didn't look like she was wearing a *jealousy*.

She gave Dustin a confused look. He just smirked at her, like he knew something she didn't. Which in this case, was probably true.

Lucas piped in, trying to help Dustin, "You know? Jealousy isn't a good colour on you?"

That didn't really help her either. She hasn't heard of a colour called *jealousy*. She knew the basics, red, green, yellow, blue, stuff like that. But Jealousy was new to her.

"She doesn't know what jealousy is." Will said to Lucas and Dustin.

"Well do you have, like, this feeling of anger? Or maybe sadness? Or both? Probably both."

"Yeah?" El replied. She *did* feel angry, and sad, and confused. And it was all because of *her*. El glanced back at Mike and *Callie*. Mike was laughing at something she said. What could *possibly* be so funny?

"Well, being jealous is, like, when you don't like someone, because they're doing something with someone you *like*. It's actually kinda more complicated than that, but for right now, that's why you're jealous." Lucas supplied, since Dustin wasn't able to come up with a definition for jealousy that made *sense*.

El's mind flashed back to a few months ago. When she had entered the school looking for Mike. She had felt the same thing when she saw Mike and Max hanging out together, in the gym.

Mike had returned from his conversation with *Callie* by now. She was nowhere in sight.

"What are you guys talking about?" Everyone suddenly found interest in their shoes and didn't say anything. Except for El, she was staring at Mike.

"Hey guys," Will said, "Maybe we should go over there." He pointed to a spot just out of earshot.

Mike gave him a confused look, "Um, okay?"

Lucas and Dustin had already started walking over there, but they turned around. "Oh, not you." Lucas said.

"Yeah," Dustin stage whispered, "Good luck."

The three of them walked over to the spot, just by the exit. Leaving just Mike and El, alone.

Mike looked at her, he moved in closer and gently grabbed her arm. His voice was just barely above a whisper. "Is everything alright?"

El huffed, "I don't know, ask *Callie*."

Mike stiffened, realization dawning on his face. "Were you jealous of Callie?"

El looked up at him, her eyes watering. The situation becoming heavier than she thought it would. "I guess? She's, she's nice. She's pretty. Prettier than *me*. She even has *long* hair."

Mike's face turned into a mixture of shock and surprise. He pulled her even closer. Wrapping her in a hug, with little to no room in between them. "El she is *not* prettier than you. I think you're *amazing*. It doesn't matter to me that she has long hair. The only thing that matters to me is *you*. We've been through so much. I would never want to lose you to anyone. After all, you're my *girlfriend*. You're my *favourite*."

El sniffled again, this time *not* tears of sadness, or madness, or *jealousy*, or whatever it is. Tears of happiness, because Mike said *she* was his favourite. Not Callie.

"I don't want you to think that you're not prettier than *anyone*. Because you *are*. You're *beautiful*."

They hugged and all thoughts of Callie had left her mind.